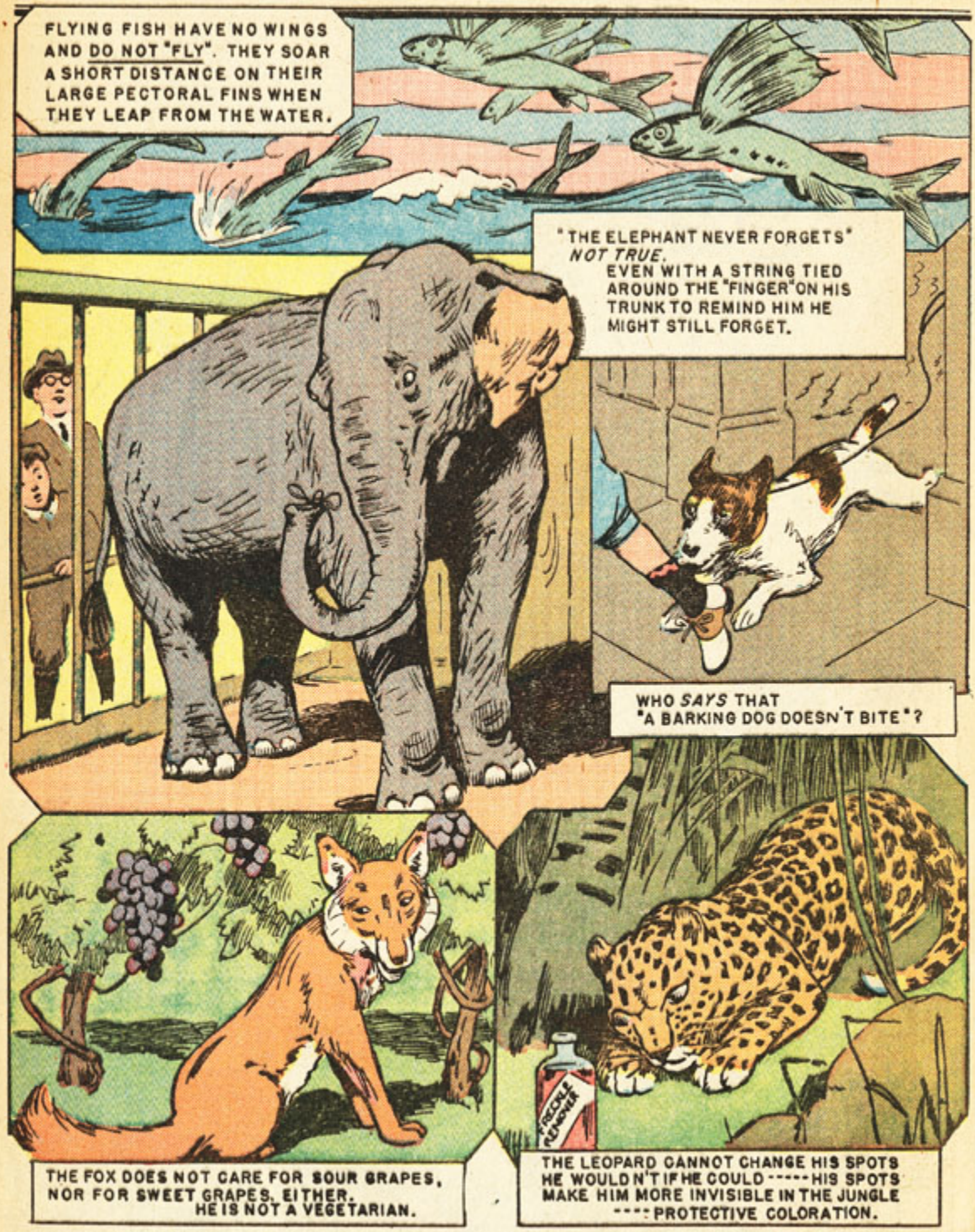
Vol. I. No. 6
May 21, 1946

TREASURE CHEST

American Catholic History Research Center and University Archives, Catholic University of America

Supermouse
Startling Comics
Jetta
Mystery Comics
Fantastic Tales
Cosmo Cat
Startling Comics
Strange Mysteries
Daring Adventures
Startling Comics
Mystery Tales
Exciting Comics
Famous Funnies
Strange Worlds
Startling Comics
Jetta
Mystery Tales
Startling Comics
Barnyard Comics
Exciting Comics
Eerie
Exciting Comics
Casper Cat
Daring Adventures
WEBCOMIC UNIVERSE.COM

DEBUNKING *the* ANIMALS



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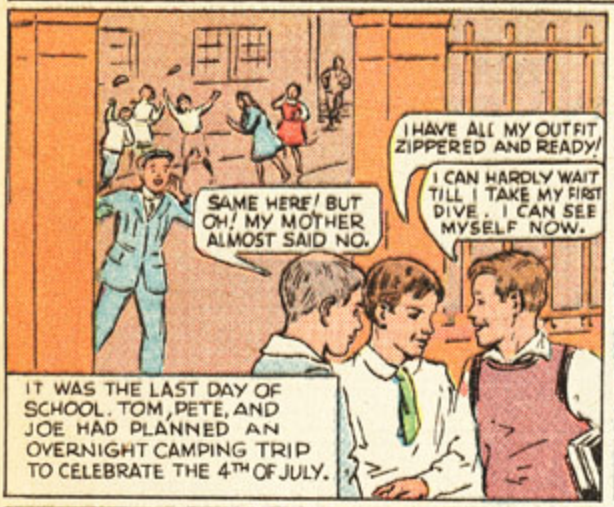
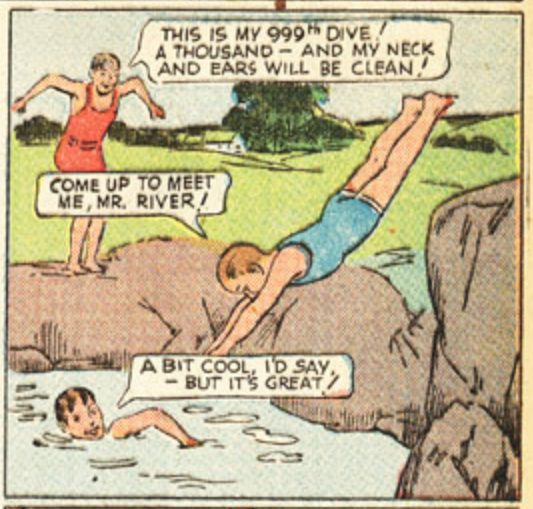
WHAT! NO VACATION?

BY RONWASENNOWANATHA





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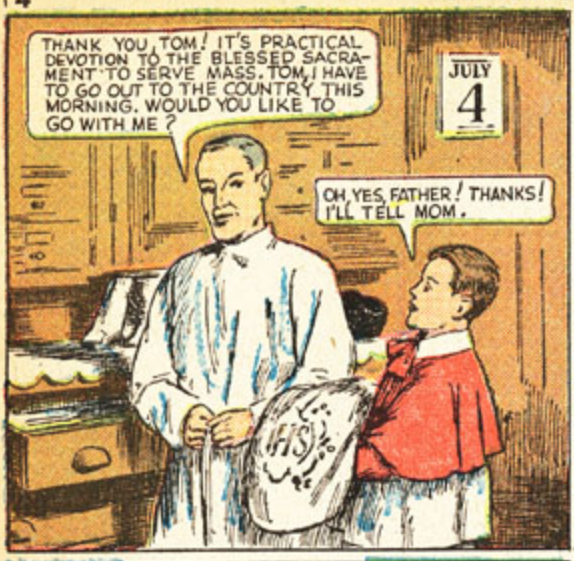

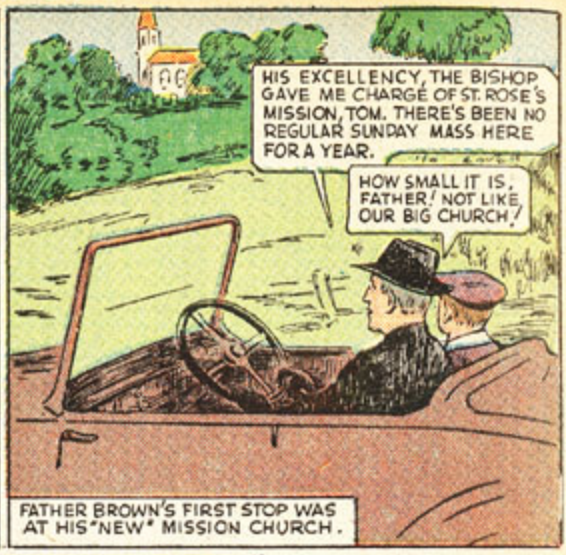

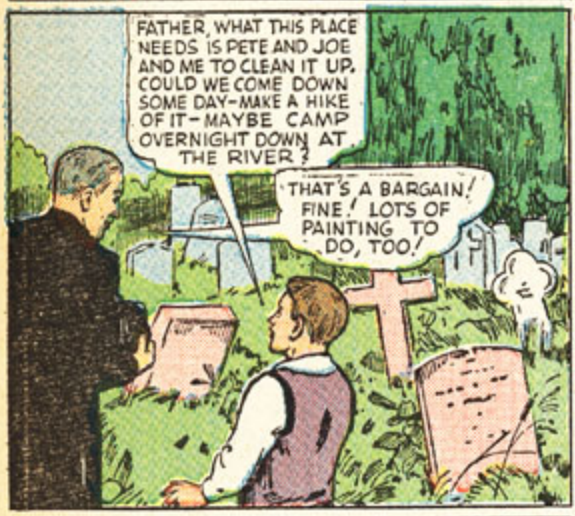

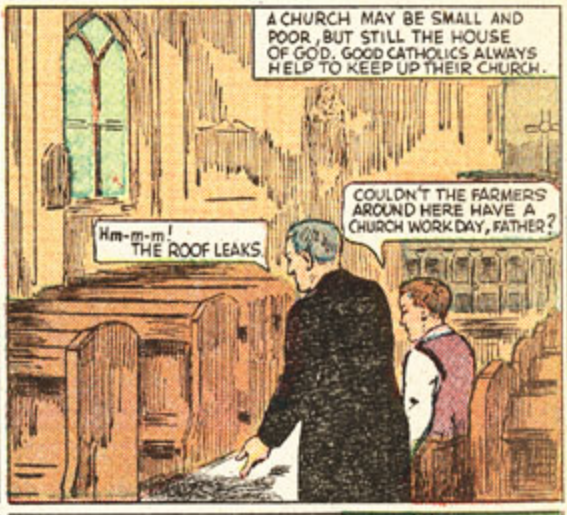

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SAINT TARSICIUS WAS MARTYRED FOR HIS LOVE OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT, LATE IN THE THIRD CENTURY. HE WAS BURIED IN THE CATACOMB OF SAINT CALLISTUS. POPE SAINT DAMASUS WROTE THE MARTYR'S STORY IN LATIN VERSE.

ENROUTE HOME, FATHER TREATS TOM TO A SODA.

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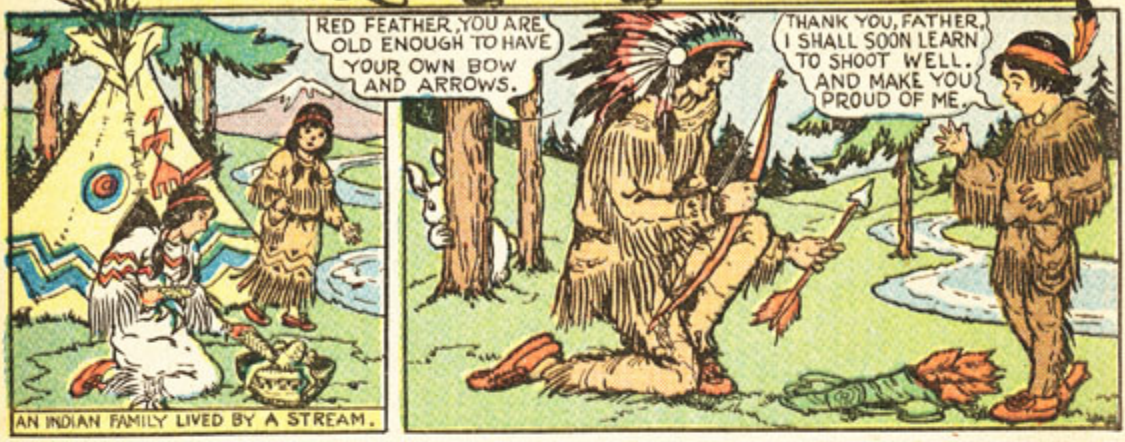
Little Red Feather and Laughing Water

By Griffin Jay



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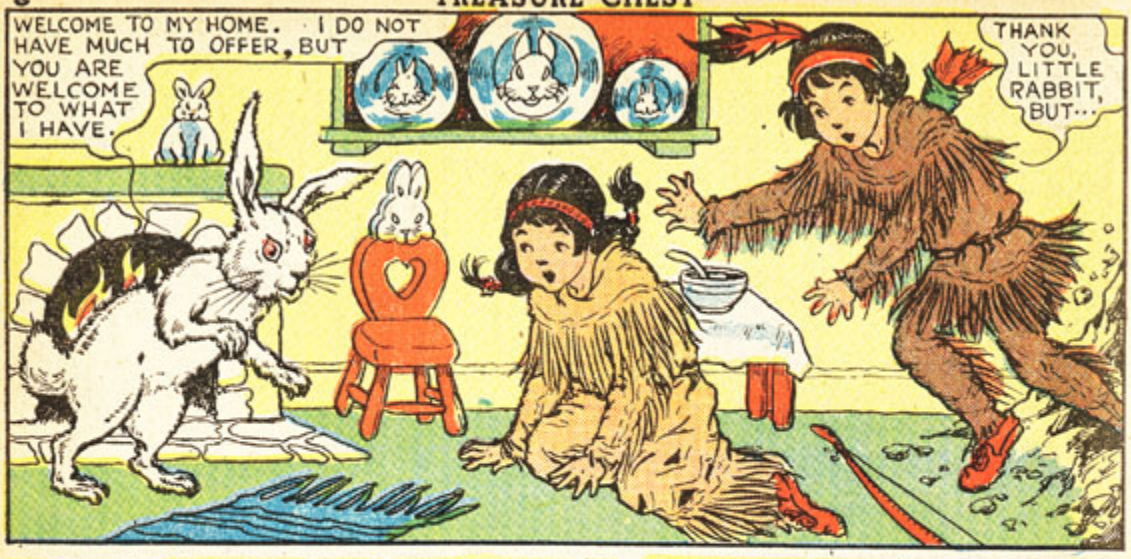

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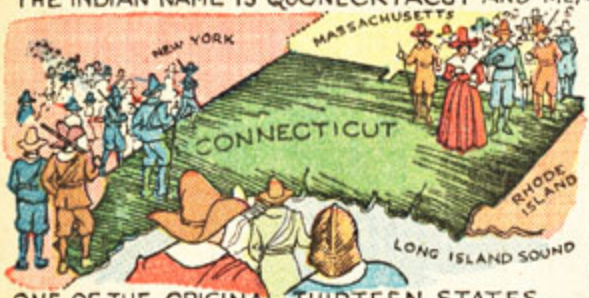
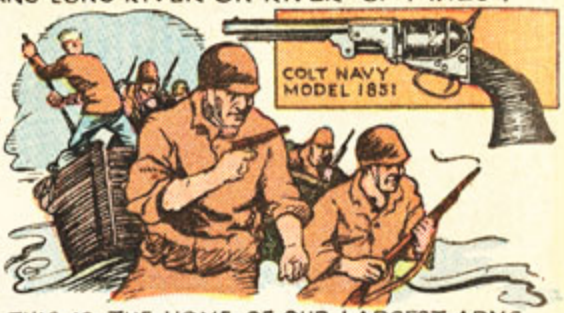
CONNECTICUT *the Nutmeg State.*

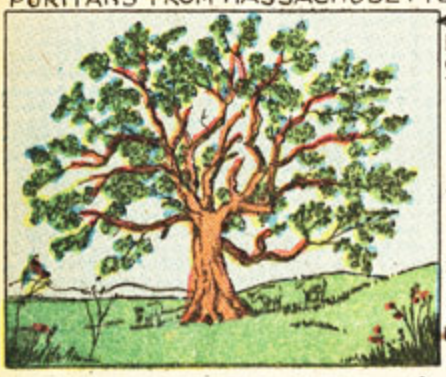
THE INDIAN NAME IS QUONECKTACUT AND MEANS LONG RIVER OR RIVER OF PINES.



ONE OF THE ORIGINAL THIRTEEN STATES, IT WAS SETTLED BY THE DUTCH FROM NEW YORK (NEW AMSTERDAM) AND BY THE PURITANS FROM MASSACHUSETTS IN 1635.

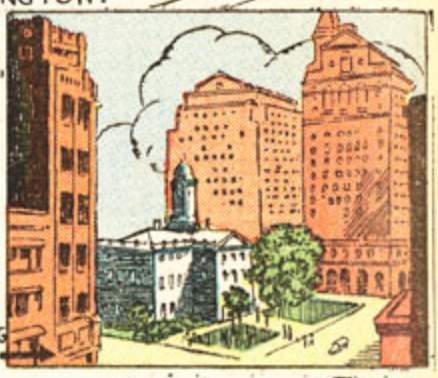


THIS IS THE HOME OF OUR LARGEST ARMS PLANTS, INCLUDING COLT, WINCHESTER, AND REMINGTON.



IN 1687, A CONNECTICUT PATRIOT HID THE COLONY'S CHARTER IN THIS GREAT OAK, TO PREVENT ITS SEIZURE BY GOVERNOR ANDROS FROM BOSTON. WHEN THE TREE FELL IN 1856, IT WAS BELIEVED TO BE NEARLY A THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

HARTFORD, CAPITAL OF THE STATE, IS THE INSURANCE CAPITAL OF THE NATION. THE OLD STATE HOUSE, DESIGNED IN 1796, STILL STANDS AMONG THE SKYSCRAPERS.



FLORIDA *the Everglade State*

NAMED BY THE EXPLORER, PONCE DE LEON, ON PASCUA FLORIDA, FEAST OF FLOWERS (EASTER SUNDAY) IN 1513.

OLDEST CITY IN THE U.S. IS ST. AUGUSTINE, FOUNDED IN 1565.

PONCE DE LEON DISCOVERED FLORIDA WHILE SEEKING THE FOUNTAIN OF PERPETUAL YOUTH.

THE SEMINOLE INDIANS, LONG AT WAR WITH THE U.S., RETREATED INTO THE EVERGLADES, VAST SWAMPS IN SOUTHERN FLORIDA.

FLORIDA IS A FAVORITE WINTER RESORT OF AMERICA.

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SKEE BARRY

PART 6

SALVAGE DIVER - U.S.N.

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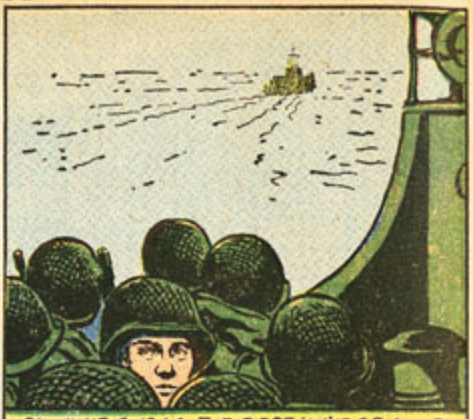
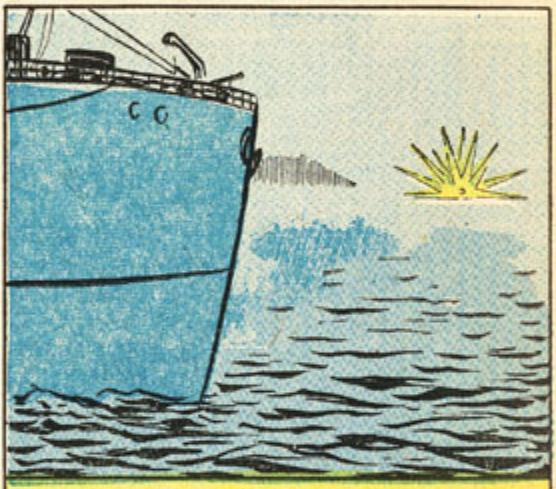
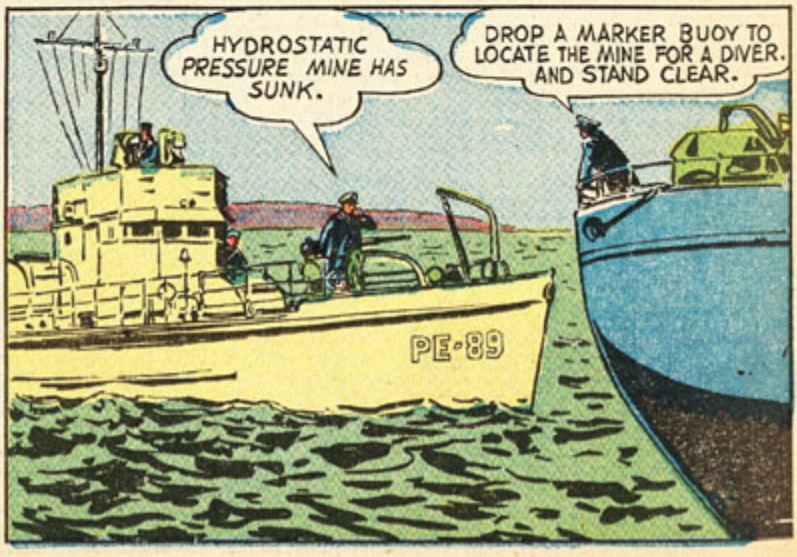
WHILE MEN LIKE SKEE WONDER WHAT THEIR NEXT JOBS WILL BE, THE ALLIES ARE SETTING THE STAGE FOR THE INVASION OF EUROPE.



ON JUNE 6, 1944, THE FIRST WAVE OF ALLIED FORCES THRUSTS ACROSS THE WATERS TOWARD THE BEACHES OF NORMANDY. OBJECT: THE CAPTURE OF THE CHERBOURG PENINSULA. IN THAT FIRST WAVE ARE SKEE AND OTHER SALVAGE MEN.



SUDDENLY A PE BOAT SIGNALS THE SALVAGE VESSEL THAT IT HAS DISCOVERED A MINE.



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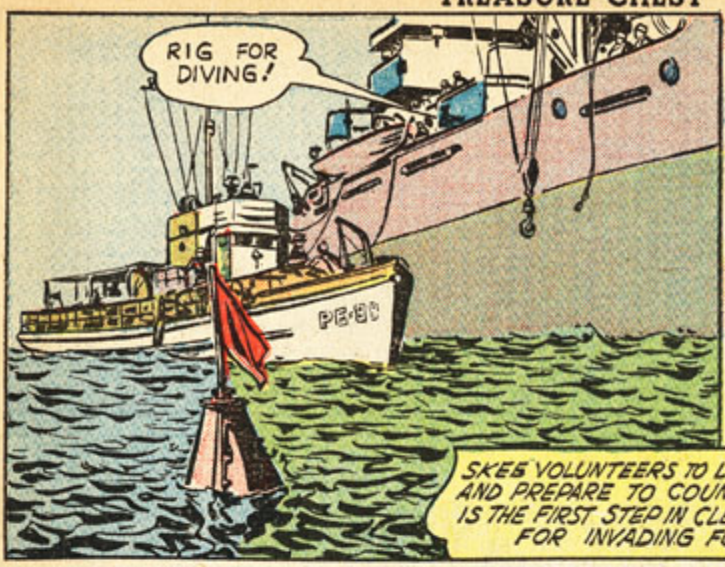
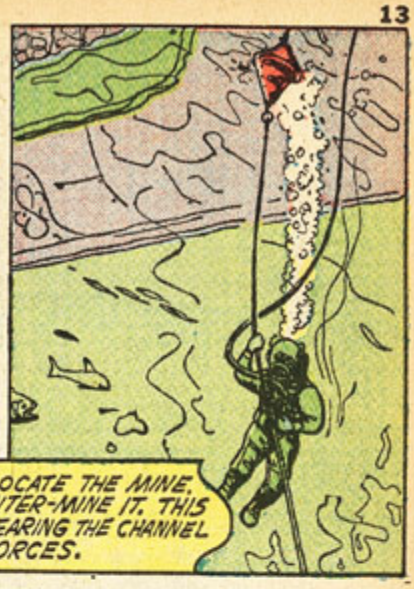
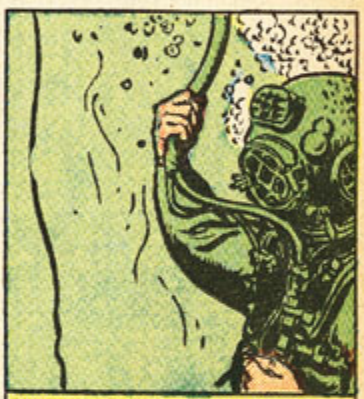




SKEE VOLUNTEERS TO LOCATE THE MINE, AND PREPARE TO COUNTER-MINE IT. THIS IS THE FIRST STEP IN CLEARING THE CHANNEL FOR INVADING FORCES.

SKEE PLANTS 50 POUNDS OF DYNAMITE ABOUT FOUR FEET AWAY FROM THE MINE. IF HE GETS TOO CLOSE, HE MAY SET OFF THE MINE AND BE BLOWN TO BITS.



WHEN SKEE COMES UP, HE IS CAREFUL TO AVOID THE ELECTRIC WIRE WHICH IS ATTACHED TO THE CHARGE TO BE USED TO SET IT OFF.

THE MINE EXPLODES WITH TERRIFIC FORCE.

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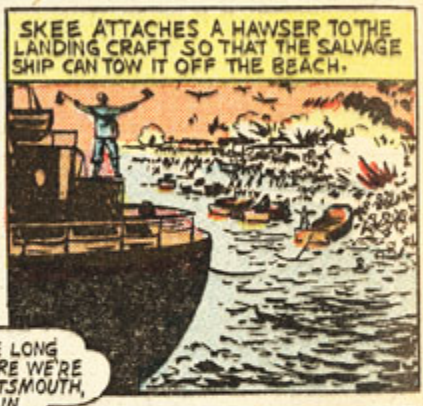
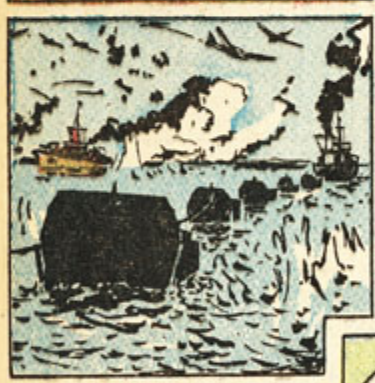
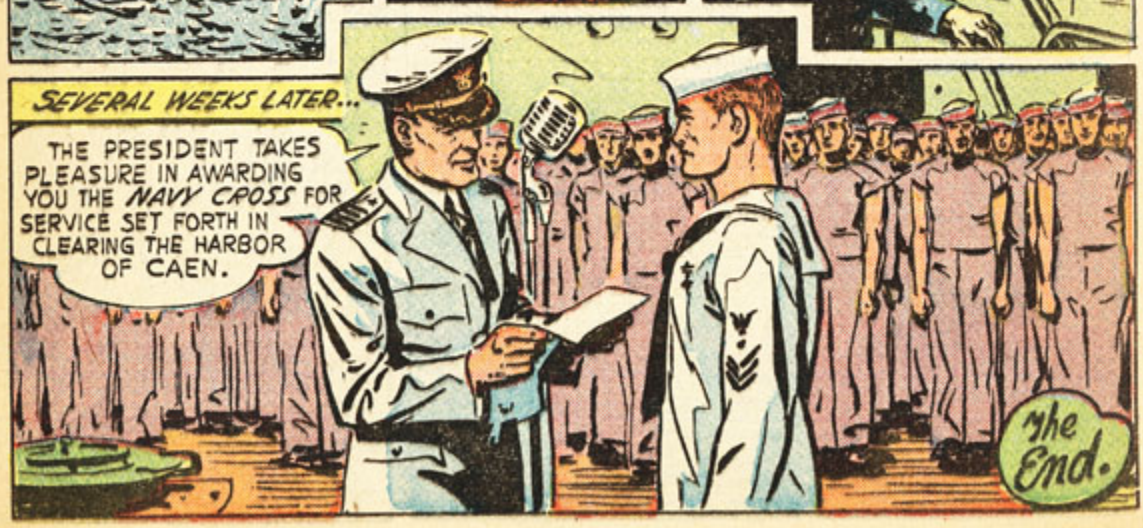
THE SALVAGE VESSELS CLEAR THE CHANNEL BY EXPLODING THE MINE FIELD. LANDING CRAFT, FILLED WITH TROOPS, SPEED THROUGH, PROTECTED BY AIRCRAFT AND A BARRAGE FROM BATTLESHIPS AND CRUISERS.







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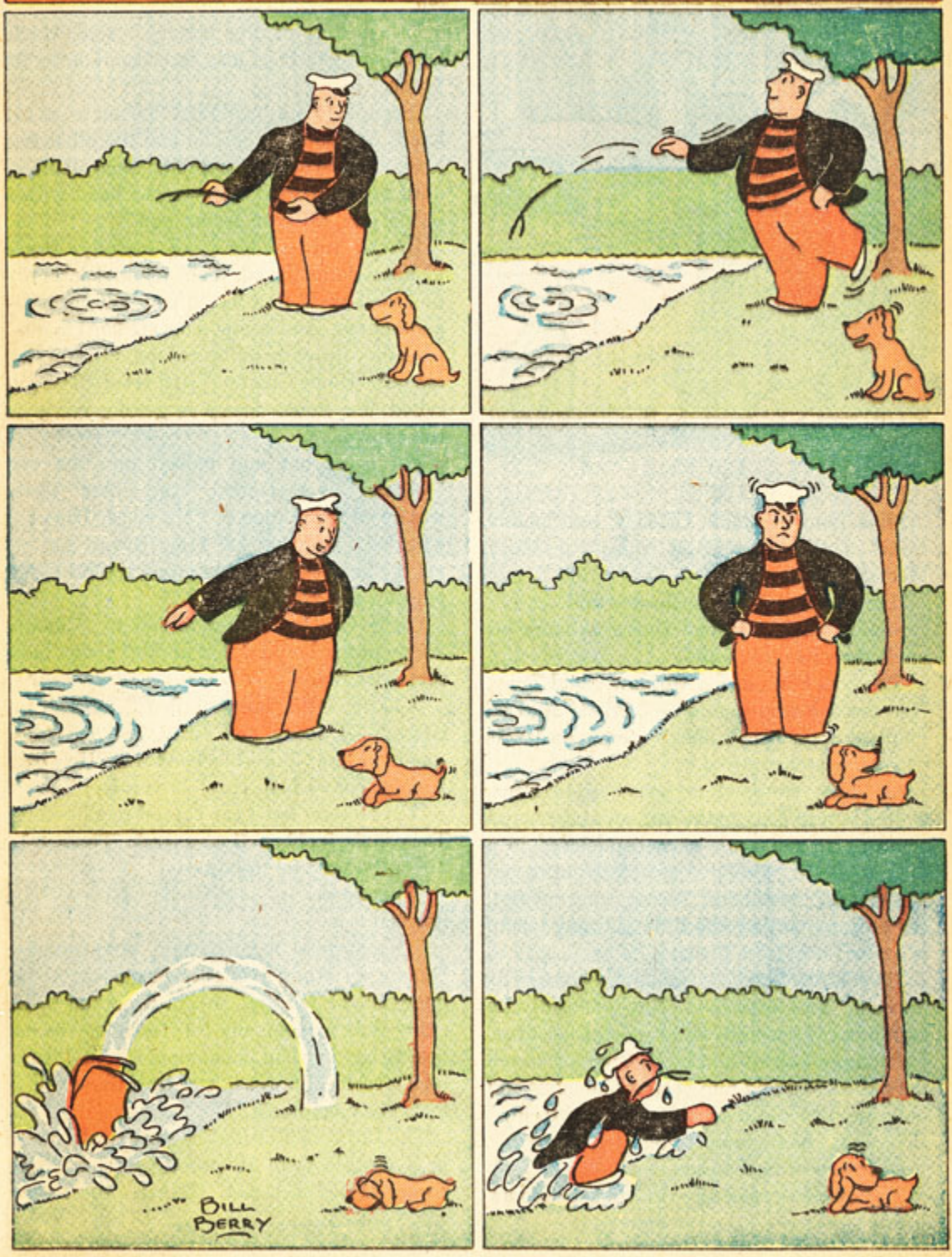
OTTO



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Mystery of the LIMPING MAN

BY GRIFFIN JAY

Part VI

Mike thought Uncle Charley and Johnny would come to blows over who should carry Mike downstairs.

"I'm his uncle," Uncle Charley said.

Johnny jeered, "Uncle! You're no more his uncle than I am his aunt."

"Oh, toss him out the window," said Tony. "I'm the one who should be carried." And he climbed upon Tony's back, whereupon Uncle Charley snatched Mike.

As Mike, wrapped in layers of blankets, waited beside Tony in the car, out of the house came Lefty and Link, each handcuffed to a deputy sheriff, with two armed deputies behind them. Then Sheriff Turner came out and, last and unguarded, the little old man whom Mike had seen from the tree.

"That little old fellow was once a prosperous jeweller," Tony explained. "But, innocently, he bought some jewels from the gang. Ever since, Lefty has ensalved him by threatening to tell the police. We told him he was blameless and now the poor old man is bubbling with joy."

"Is Lefty badly hurt, Tony?" asked Mike.

"Just nicked in the shoulder."

The officers drove off with their prisoners Shortly after, Uncle Charley and Johnny came out.

"We'll stop at my cottage," said Uncle Charley. "The boys may have some news on Scoop."

"Scoop!" Johnny exploded. "I want to get my hands on Scoop. When he and the other two jumped me in my cottage, I had them all licked until Scoop bashed me over the head with a frying pan, my own frying pan."

Johnny rubbed his head ruefully. Uncle Charley sympathized. "Poor Johnny! After hitting your skull, that frying pan will never fry another egg. And frying pans are hard to get."

As they drove up to the cottage, Bill and Red ran out. "Uncle Charley," Red cried, "Tod just called. He thinks Scoop is getting ready to leave town."

Fat came out and looked into the car. "Johnny!" he exclaimed. "And Mike!" There was awed admiration in Fat's voice. Then Fat whistled. "Holy smoke! Tony Evans! Let me get my head out of here before Adolph Hitler pops up and bites me."

Uncle Charley turned to Johnny. "Should we go to the hospital first and let Scoop have that extra time?"

"Charley—the hospital first," Johnny answered, "If Scoop gets away, he'll be found sooner or later. But Mike can't wait. He's bad. I mean Tony's bad. How do you feel Tony?"

"I'm no sissy but I can't stand much more," Tony spoke feebly as if very weak. "Please take me to the hospital right away."

"That settles it," said Uncle Charley. "The hospital it is."

"The hospital it isn't," said Mike quietly. "You're all afraid I might raise a row about going to the hospital, so I'm supposed to be going only as company for Tony. You're not fooling me. I've had pneumonia before. I know how it feels. And just now it feels like—well, it feels like pneumonia."

The three men inside the car and the three boys outside were all peering into the dark corner of the back seat. The faint voice went

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on. "Let's first see that Tod's all right. Then you can take me to the hospital. But Tod comes first."

"Well, I guess it's Tod first," Uncle Charley said, pointing the car for town.

"Tony," said Mike, "I'm worried about you. The sling was first on your right arm. Now it's on the left. I wish you'd make up your mind which arm is hurt."

Tony threw the sling out the window, saying, "Maybe, Mike, I ought to put my head in a sling. It's my weak mind that needs support."

After Tod and Bill had reported by telephone to Uncle Charley what they had learned about Three Corners and about Scoop Tuttle, Tod, on Uncle Charley's instructions, had gone back to shadow Scoop.

As he turned into Lake Street, Tod met Lania Woods. "It's late," she said. "Shouldn't you be home?"

"I was home," Tod said. "Uncle Charley sent me back." And he told her the whole story.

"I don't approve," said Miss Woods, "but—well, come with me."

She took him into her office from which he could see Scoop in the *Journal*, directly across the street.

Miss Woods said, "He runs off an edition for early morning delivery. He does everything around a newspaper. I've often wondered why so bright a man stays in so dull a place. Perhaps we'll soon know why."

Miss Woods said, as she left, "Here's my key, but please don't leave here except to go home. And you may use the telephone as much as you wish."

The sheriff had termed Scoop Tuttle the laziest man alive. Tod couldn't agree as he watched Scoop working tirelessly at the typewriter, at the linotype, at the press. In some church tower the chimes rang out nine o'clock, ten, eleven. Tod began to wonder if his spying wasn't silly. Scoop was doing nothing out of the way.

Tod was curious as Scoop began moving a heavy type case. Tod was tense as Scoop knelt where the case had stood and took out of the floor a panel about six inches square. Into the hole went Scoop's hand; when it came out it flashed brilliantly. Scoop was transferring gems from the hole to a small, black pouch. He closed the pouch, replaced the wooden panel, and moved back the type case. He put on his ankle-length coat. Tod knew there was no time to lose.

He telephoned the cottage, telling Bill to get the sheriff or Uncle Charley. Scoop was about to flee and Tod knew he must find some way to delay him. Picking up the 'phone again, he called the *Journal's* number.

He saw Scoop go to the 'phone, start to pick it up, hesitate, stand undecided a moment, and then lift the instrument.

"*Bird Lake Journal*," said Scoop.

Tod said, "Mr. Hardy, this is Mike Fields. I'm a friend of the boys who spoke to you the other day about Johnny Drake. Johnny's been—this is Mr. Hardy, isn't it?"

Scoop answered, "Why, yes, of course, this is Mr. Hardy. What about Drake?"

"He's been killed, Mr. Hardy." Scoop gave a low whistle. Tod continued, "The gang had us both here at Three Corners, but after they killed Johnny, they ran. They left a big bag of jewels. I'm scared, Mr. Hardy. Could you come and get me?"

"Is anybody else there, Mike?" Scoop asked.

"Only Johnny," Tod answered. "And he's dead."

"I'll be right out," Scoop said. "Don't leave the house."

Tod saw Scoop hang up, put the pouch with the jewels back in the floor, come out and drive away.

"It worked!" Tod cried aloud. "And he left the jewels!" Then Tod acted quickly, too quickly. If he lost Scoop, he was going to have Scoop's jewels.

He crossed the deserted street and entered the *Journal*. He never once wondered why Scoop had left the jewels in the floor and the door unlocked.

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The press was clattering away, rolling out *Journals*. Tod needed several minutes to move the type case, and several more to find and remove the panel in the closely fitted flooring. He opened the pouch. In the light the gems were almost blinding.

Tod's heart was pounding so hard that he thought he could hear it. Of course, he couldn't, and with the noise of the press he could hear nothing else either. He didn't know he wasn't alone until he took his eyes from the jewels. There, across the hole, only a step away, were a man's feet, one foot planted solidly, the other balanced on the toes. Scoop had returned.

Staring at the mismatched feet, Tod thought, "My smart trick didn't work after all."

"So you thought Scoop Tuttle would fall for a trick like that," Scoop roared.

Tod scarcely heard him, for Tod was thinking, "It didn't work because it was a lie."

"You'll know better when you've grown older," Scoop shouted, "only you're not going to grow older."

Scoop could have been a thousand miles away, for Tod was saying to himself, "All the jewels and all the jewel thieves in the world aren't worth the smallest lie. I'm glad it didn't work."

Scoop's fingers on his throat reminded Tod that Scoop was there. He reached for Scoop's legs but the man held him at arm's length. Tod struggled to his feet but Scoop bore down heavily on the back of Tod's neck, bending him almost double. And the fingers tightened their grip. Tod began to see colors brighter than the jewels in the pouch, and to hear noises louder than the press.

In desperation he began to spin in place, swinging Scoop in a large circle. Faster, faster spun Tod; tighter, tighter the fingers clamped on his throat. He made one last lunge. Scoop held on for an instant and then Tod was free. Blindly, wildly, he bowled across the room, smashing everything before him, and crashed headlong into the wall.

The colors blazed and the noises blared. Then all was black and silent.

The only sound in the hospital was the gentle rattle of the Sister's beads as she made her evening rounds.

"The Sister's coming, Mike," Tod whispered.

From the other bed Mike whispered back, "She's swell, isn't she, Tod?"

A soft light went on and Sister Cecelia stood between the beds. She was white-robed, with the rosary hanging from her belt. She looked from one boy to the other, and with each gentle glance Tod and Mike felt that all was well. Sister Cecelia seemed to draw strength from beyond this world.

She fixed Mike's pillows, saying, "Your temperature's down, Michael. The doctor is sure now that you'll get better."

She turned to Tod and said, "As for you, Mr. Battering-Ram-Billy-Goat, the X-rays show that your skull isn't fractured. God put a lot of steel into your backbone and some must have got into your head. It's that hard."

"I have a surprise for you," Sister said as she tidied the room.

She opened the door and in came both boys' parents. The mothers wept softly while the fathers stood back, shaking hands, each slapping the other's back, each telling the world what a wonderful son the other had.

Then Sister Cecelia brought in Uncle Charley and Johnny Drake, Tony Evans, Red, Bill, and Fat.

Tony said, "Tod, that's my bed. First you catch my crook, then you take my bed. Maybe now you'd like my badge."

"What crook did I catch, Tony?" asked Tod. The doctors had forbidden Tod and Mike to talk about their recent adventures. So, twenty-four hours after, Tod still didn't know of Scoop Tuttle's arrest.

Tony explained, "Scoop told us everything. We got to the *Journal* just after you rammed the wall with your head—only a few minutes

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after, but plenty of time for Scoop to clear out."

"Then why didn't he?" Tod asked.

"Because," said Tony, "his foot was caught in that hole where he hid the jewels. You whirled him around so fast he couldn't see where his feet were going. He stepped squarely into the hole. The sudden stop almost tore his leg off, and you burst from his hands. The place looked bomb-struck; tables overturned, chairs smashed, jewels worth thousands lying like sawdust—diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls, sapphires. You were out cold and Scoop was trapped."

Johnny Drake added, "And all the while the press was rolling. Bill, show them that copy of the *Journal*, the first one."

A front page headline read:

SCOOP TUTTLE LAUGHS
AT HIS ENEMIES

The story began:

> Scoop Tuttle calmly left town last night, after making monkeys of the sheriff and a bunch of busy-body, amateur detectives . . .

The article went on to ridicule them all by name. Tod and Mike showed amazement.

Johnny said, "Now show them the second copy, Bill."

This time the headline ran:

BOYS OUTWIT AND
TRAP JEWEL THIEVES

This piece started:

> Five boys were the chief agents last night in capturing, in and around the town of Bird Lake, a gang of jewel thieves whom police of many states had been hunting for years. Two of the boys, Michael Fields and Tod Worth, had the rare courage to come to grips, each alone, with members of the gang. The Fields boy took his life in his hands when he invaded the hideout of the mob at . . .

And the account went on to tell the story exactly as it had happened.

Tod said, "I don't understand. That first paper is all wrong."

Johnny explained, "The second was written by Mr. Hardy, the first by Scoop himself. Scoop is vain; he had to brag. He had planned to have his story all over town before Mr. Hardy could stop it. To do it, he delayed his escape, and you trapped him."

Uncle Charley said, "With Scoop and his gang gone, and you boys going, Bird Lake will be strangely quiet."

"In your letter inviting us to Bird Lake, Uncle Charley," Red said, "you promised us a week of fun we'd never forget. You surely kept your promise."

Uncle Charley shook his head doubtfully. "I promised you fun. You supplied fireworks."

"Fun or fireworks, I'll never forget this week," said Bill.

"Neither will Scoop Tuttle," said Fat.

Johnny, rubbing his head where it had met the frying pan, said, "Neither will Johnny Drake."

When Sister Cecelia came back from seeing the visitors out, Tod was sitting on the edge of Mike's bed, his arm around Mike's shoulders. Tod said, "Mike thinks he's a sissy, Sister, because he's crying."

Sister Cecelia helped Tod into his own bed and covered him. She put a damp cloth to Mike's face, dried it and covered him well. She turned out all the room lights. Soft light from the hall fell on her as she stood framed in the doorway. They could see her holding the cross of her rosary as she said:

"Good night, Tod! Good night, Michael! Brave men need never be ashamed of their tears."

THE END

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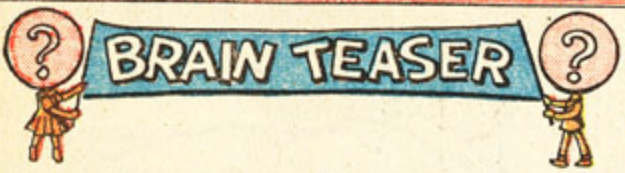
Puzzle & Game Page

By Jules Leopold



John's and Jane's ages, when added together, total 22.

John will be 5½ times as old as Jane when Jane becomes twice her present age.

How old is John?

Mary had written down all the numbers from 1 to 9, omitting number 8. Like this: 12,345,679.

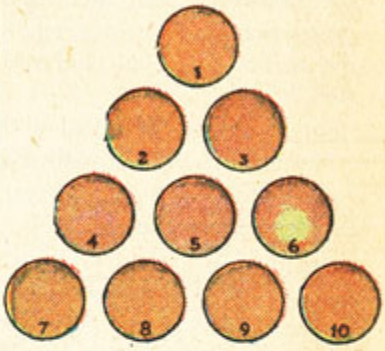
"What's your favorite number from one to nine, Tom?" Mary asked.

"Four," Tom answered.

So Mary multiplied Tom's four by nine. She put 36 under the 7 and 9, like this: 12,345,679
36

Then she multiplied—and found a whole string of Tom's favorite fours. Tom tried the same trick with other numbers from one to ten. Try it, it's fun.

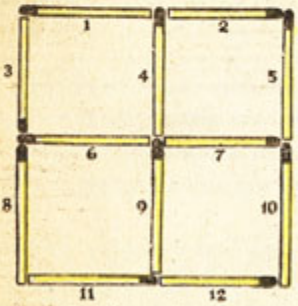
PUZZLE IN PENNIES



There's really nothing to this little puzzler—after you've seen how it's done—but it always manages to stump the experts! Try it on your friends or on the folks at home.

Lay out 10 pennies as shown, to form a triangle. The problem is to turn the triangle upside down by moving only three pennies.

MATCH STUNT



Arrange 12 matches or toothpicks as shown.

Now take away two matches and leave only two squares. Yes, it can be done.

MAGIC RUBBER

Here is a mystifying little stunt. All you need is a rubber band.

You place a rubber band around fingers 1 and 2 of your right hand, and close your fist. (See figure A below.)

Suddenly you open your fist and, to the amazement of your audience, the rubber band apparently flies off fingers 1 and 2, and reappears around fingers 3 and 4 of the same hand.

How is it done? Your audience assumes that the entire rubber band is placed around fingers 1 and 2 only. Actually, the part of the band that lies concealed inside your fist is run across *four* fingers, along the fingernails. (See figure B below.) The trick works itself automatically. As you open your fist, the band slides onto fingers 3 and 4 at the same time it comes off fingers 1 and 2.

HOLD PAGE BEFORE MIRROR FOR ANSWERS TO THE ABOVE PUZZLES

MATCH STUNT—Remove match 7 and match 4. Now you have two squares, a little one and a larger one.

PUZZLE IN PENNIES—Place 7 to the left of 5. Place 10 to the right of 3. Split 1 to the bottom and center it.

BRAIN TEASER—John is now 18 years old. Jane is 4. Your favorite pence, she will be twice her present age.

John will then be 55, which is 5½ times Jane's present age.

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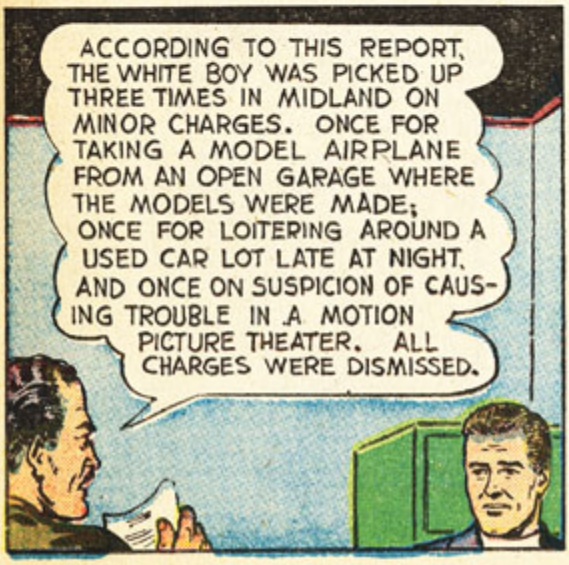
CHUCK WHITE

PART 6

CHUCK, WHO THOUGHT HE HAD ESCAPED FROM THE BURGLARY AT MRS. BLAKE'S GROCERY WHEN OFFICER BROPHY SURPRISED THE GANG, WAS PICKED UP AT ST. JOHN'S HIGH SCHOOL AND COMMITTED TO JUVENILE COURT BY LIEUTENANT J.J. ELLSWORTH OF THE POLICE JUVENILE DIVISION:



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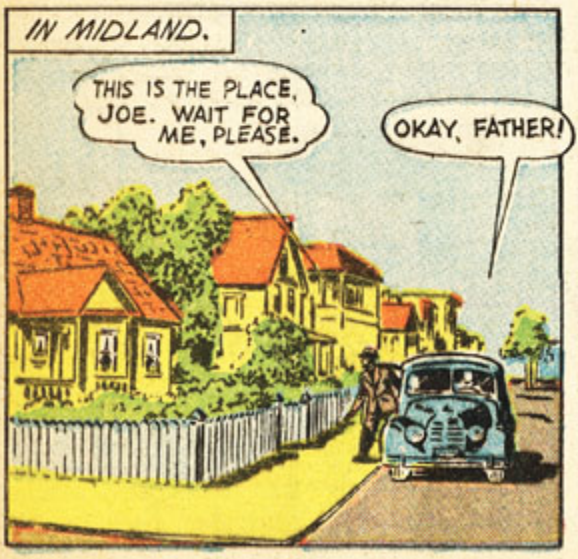

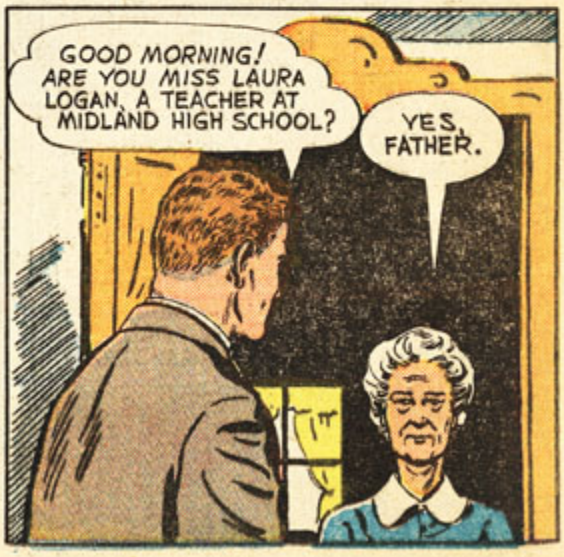

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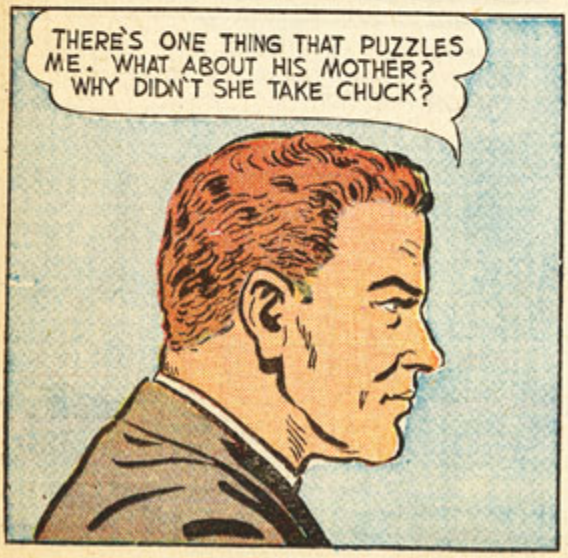

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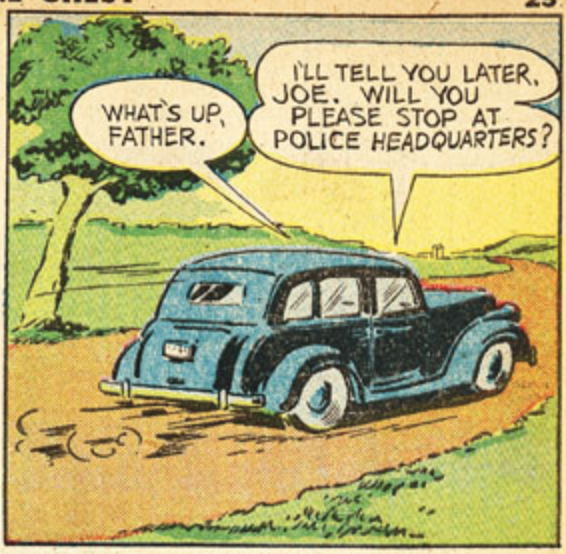

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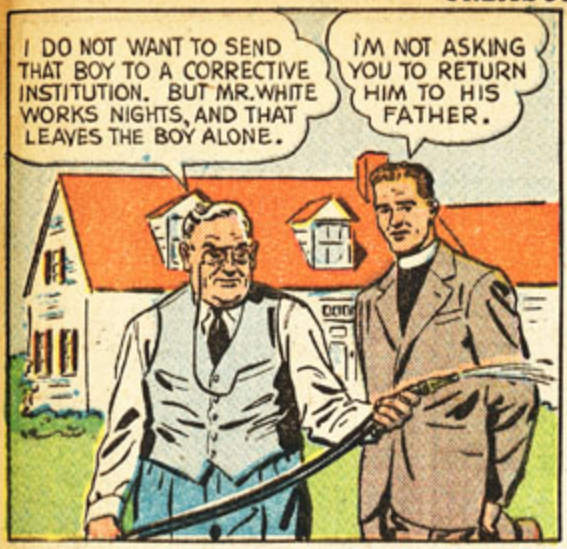

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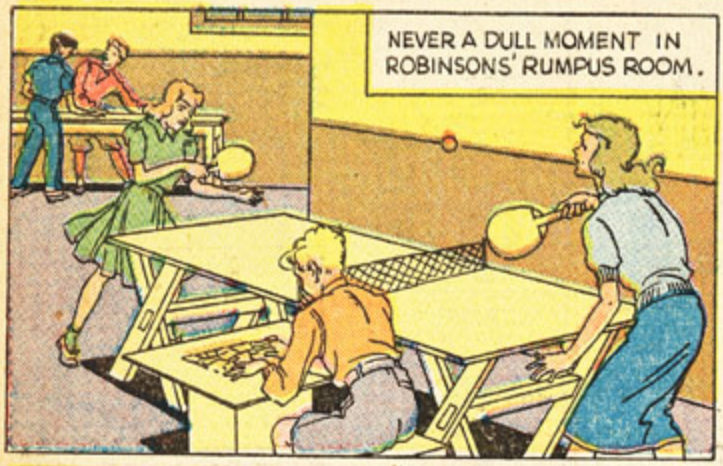
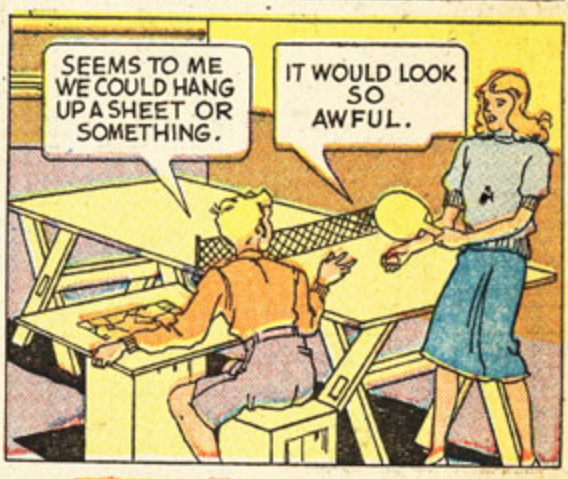
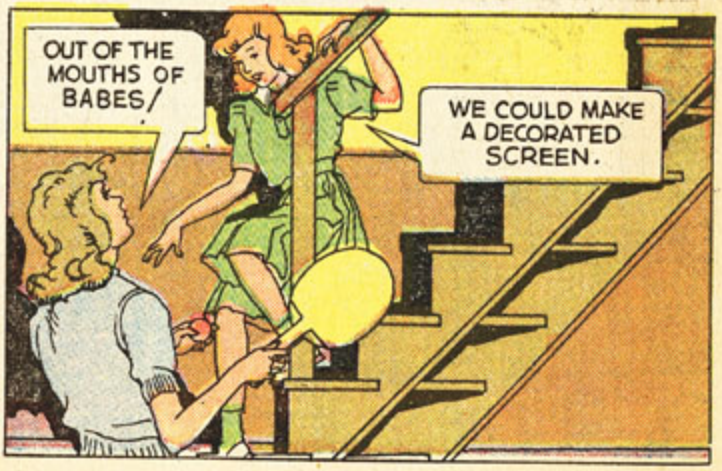
The ROBINSONS' RUMPUS ROOM







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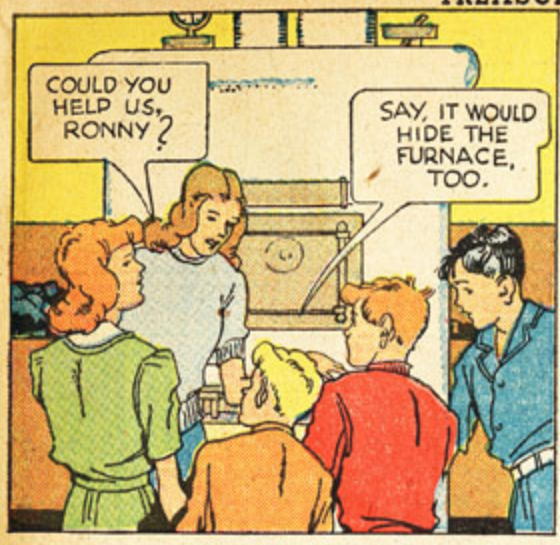

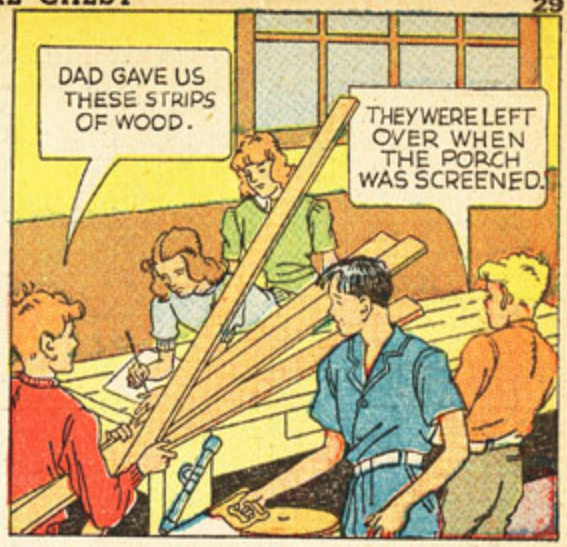

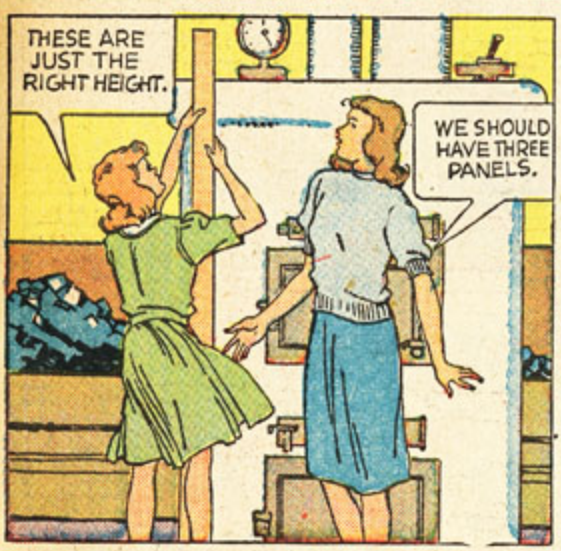

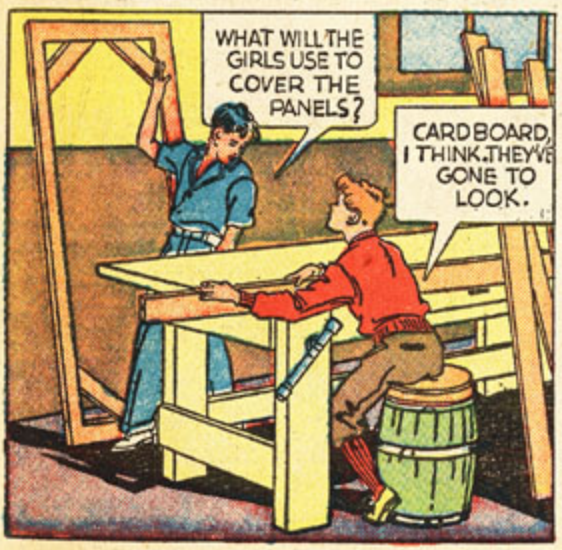

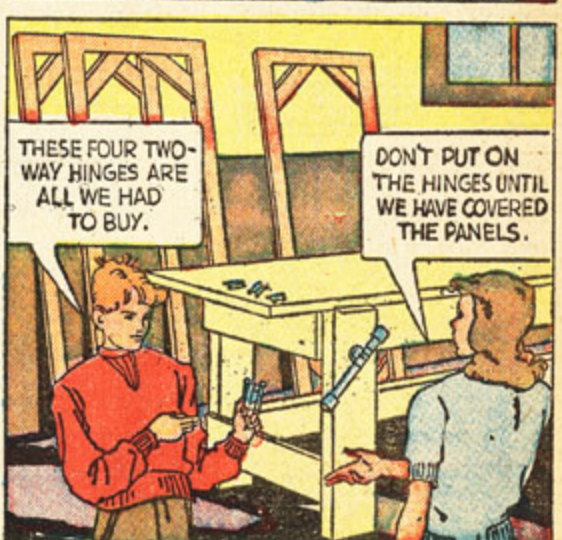

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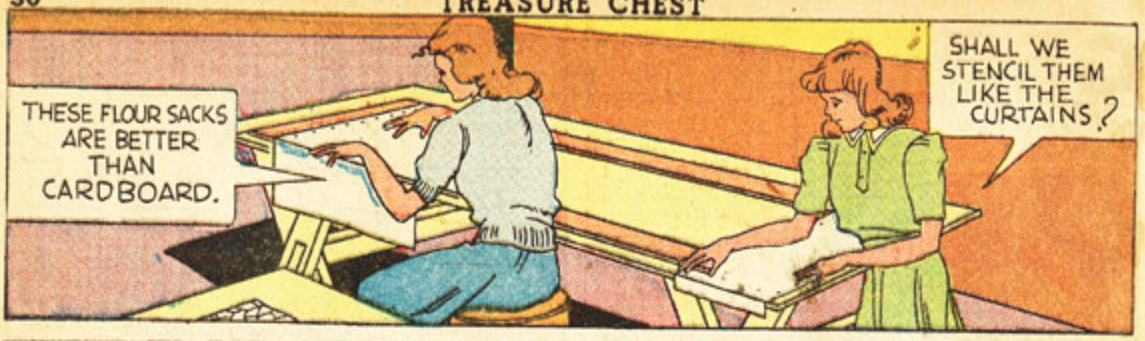

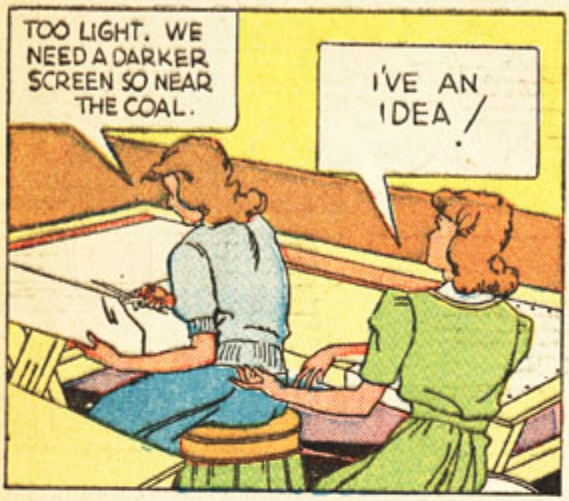

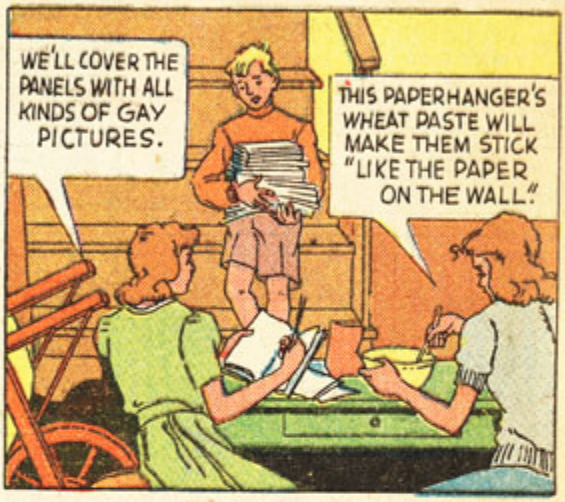

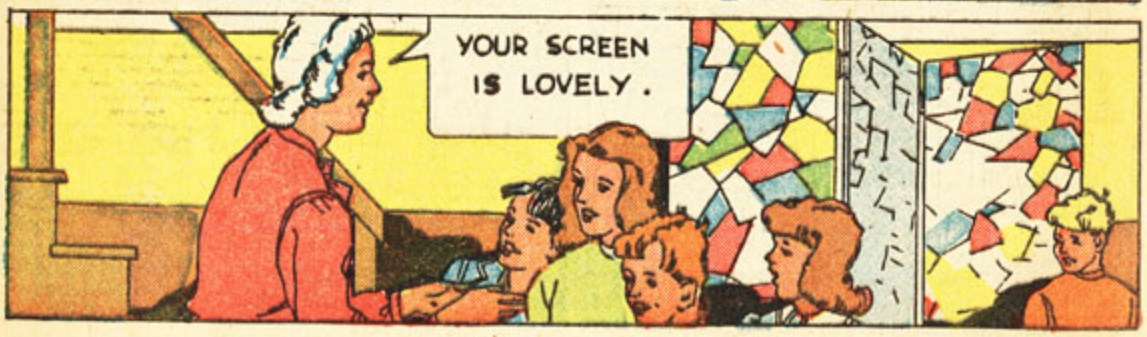

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GEORGIA *the Cracker State*

IS NAMED FOR KING GEORGE II OF ENGLAND

THAT PART OF OUR COUNTRY WHICH WAS TO BECOME GEORGIA WAS FIRST VISITED BY THE SPANISH EXPLORER, DE SOTO, IN 1540.

FORT PULASKI, ON COCKSPUR ISLAND AT THE MOUTH OF THE SAVANNAH RIVER, IS A NATIONAL MONUMENT.

IT BECAME AN ENGLISH COLONY IN 1732 WHEN JAMES OGLETHORPE FOUNDED IT AS A REFUGE FOR POOR DEBTORS FROM ENGLAND.

GEORGIA IS THE LARGEST PRODUCER OF KAOLIN USED FOR THE MAKING OF CHINA.

GEORGIA IS THE HOME OF THE WARM SPRINGS FOUNDATION FOR SUFFERERS FROM INFANTILE PARALYSIS. THE LATE PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT VISITED HERE OFTEN.

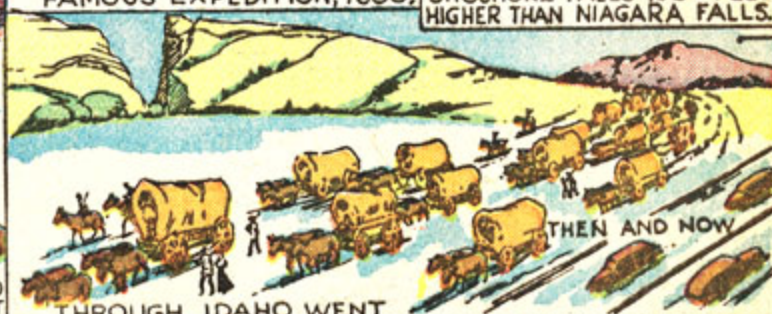
IDAHO *the Gem State*

THE NAME COMES FROM THE INDIAN WORDS, "EDAH HOE," MEANING LIGHT OF THE MOUNTAINS

THE PARADE OF PIONEERS INTO WHAT IS NOW IDAHO WAS LED BY LEWIS AND CLARK AND THEIR FAMOUS EXPEDITION, 1805.

SHOSHONE FALLS IS 56 FEET HIGHER THAN NIAGARA FALLS.

LEAD AND SILVER WERE DISCOVERED IN 1884. NOW IDAHO IS FIRST IN THE PRODUCTION OF LEAD IN THE U.S. AND SECOND IN SILVER.



THROUGH IDAHO WENT THE FAMOUS OREGON TRAIL WHICH BROUGHT OUR PIONEERS TO THE WEST. TODAY MOTORISTS FOLLOW GENERALLY THE SAME TRAIL.

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From Treasure Chest's MAIL BAG —

U.S. MAIL

TEXAS

So spicies than the long-looked for articles to the comic page-express is here.

NEBRASKA

I think it a great idea — Prayers for its success.

CANADA

Your new Publication TREASURE CHEST surely answers a dire need among our school boys and girls, and you certainly deserve sincere congratulations accompanied with best wishes of success for TREASURE CHEST. More than a few have felt enthusiastic about it.

RHODE ISLAND

It will be a good thing to see our boys and girls get rid of the stupid and very often immoral comics for a decent and educational comic magazine. My congratulations for your magnificent ideas for TREASURE CHEST.

OHIO

I'm glad to see your magazine coming as the children have been most anxious about it. Each week they asked if I had written about it.

MAINE

Treasure Chest is indeed a good venture.

NEW YORK

Congratulations! I have been waiting for this for many years. May God bless your work.

PENNSYLVANIA

The Children are elated over the idea of getting the Treasure Chest.

CALIFORNIA

A splendid answer to a real need!

ILLINOIS

I am glad that you have made a possible for our children to have a sensible comic book. I am sure the future of TREASURE CHEST will not fail us in our purpose of counteracting indecent literature.

THIS IS THE LAST ISSUE UNTIL SCHOOL REOPENS AGAIN IN THE FALL. FILL OUT THE ENCLOSED RESERVATION CARD AND BE SURE OF RECEIVING THE FIRST ISSUE IN SEPTEMBER.

TREASURE CHEST OF FUN & FACT

Geo. A. Pflaum, *Publisher, Inc.* 124 E. 3rd St., Dayton 2, Ohio

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